

AUGUST 14, 1869.

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked in the carriage — the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said, in a whisper, "I wish in my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth,
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is with the world: whatever our lot,
Our mind and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Un-
Uprateful for what we enjoy.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Before a half-dozen years, there was longer any blush or any smile on her face; the lips were thin and compressed with much constraint, it may be, of the words that rose between them, but never had escaped; her cheeks were her eyes were sunken, and, though young a woman, there were white threads in her hair. I saw her seldom enough to trade my heart sore to look on her. I held she ever had upon Matt. Deane gone; he had loved her pretty face, or, her middle; now it was more a than a dimple, as if tears had furrowed the color, the prettiness were lost; it and grief had taken them. He kind graceless actions had wrought the

At last, in my long history of unsatis-
days and months, there came a night
But should I live ten thousand years, could
be blotted from my memory. I was bring-
down the evening mail train; it was
autumn, and the express had been de-
termined for the winter arrangement, of
of our patrons living in the city during
winter that the express was not needed.
There had been a sort of gala-day in the
the visit of a President, or something of
kind, so that there had been more delay
was usual with the excursion passenger
sitting off at their homes, and I had kept
fast running between the stations in con-
as be as much on time as possible, and
hopeless task; and, hurried by the com-
as we were so late, I was making good
over the home-stretch into the last
Every second of those few moments is
ed in my brain to-day as if with a sten-
only death and dust can destroy that
There was a full moon that night, and
here and there a light cloud chased a
the air was as clear as crystal; I could
every stem and leaf in the strong
whose illumination was brighter, on
say, even than a sunless day; there
thing but our headlong speed to him
counting the spikes in the ties, had I
Moonlight ever since that night has
mocking and malevolent thing to

I was in a high fever after that for-
tune, and lay upon my bed while others
trains and went over the road it would
crazed me then to look upon. I was,
lirious exactly, I was simply blind; I
on my pillow there, I saw nothing
blotch of blood upon the track for
nights too many and too long to co-
never spoke a word. I seemed to
doomed to silence and darkness, and
ul sight of that great blotch of blood
the track; for to no one could I break
I believed myself a murderer, and I
deriver of Ally's husband. Hell begins
said, for I know that the suggestion
and gain at the man's death had com-
me like a spur, a knife;
whether I raised my hand and let
steam and made that prodigious pl-
pity, and desire to have it over-
swiftly, or from eager hate and det-
and longing to have his worthless life
hurry him out of the world to my ad-
in that burning brain of mine I could
termine, could not say, even to myself.

Was that suggestion of joy, a mis-
tself? Was even the hurrying of
itable act, an act that could not be per-
was that murder? Was that hurrying
haps, a mortal strength that dared the
ful responsibility of lessening the hor-
of that last struggle? Or was it co-

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

"Well, I don't see anything very bad in that," said Victor. "You must acknowledge that Episcopal preaching is very cold and formal."

"I acknowledge nothing of the kind. I fill on hearts that grind it to powder, perhaps, but that is no fault of the preacher. Perhaps Mrs. Stowe would find comfort in the strong windy prayers in which God is appealed as if He were deaf, and the big I threads em, like amazed interrogation points; you know old Auntie Hill always liked Elder Knapp, because he 'changed his Bible so beautifully' when preaching."

"It takes a woman to find faults in a woman," said Victor, sarcastically, "now is there any thing in that book that you like?"

"Yes! I like Sam Lawson! I can understand his human nature; I think he is a real philosopher in his way, and not troubled with perfection, and I like the prose passages in the book—the comments, and prophecies, and the painting,—better than the homes and the facts. To come to them, is like looking

FIELD TOWN FOLKS. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Field, Osgood & Co. Chicago: D.D. Fritchard & Co.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TIME.

A woman as soon as she is married is, as it were, veiled, clouded, overshadowed, and continually under the power of her husband. Bracton terms her under the sceptre of her husband; her new self is her superior, her companion, her master. The mastership she has fallen into may be called "leonesa society," and she must take the name of her husband. "Alice Greene becometh Alice Mustangrave; shee that in the morning was Faireweather, is at night perhaps Rainebow or Goodwife Foulle, Sweetheart going to church and Hoistbrick coming home." The rest follows: "Justine Brooke aftermeth plainly that if a man beat an outlaw, a traitor, a Pagan, his villain, or his wife, it is *dispunishable*, because of the law common these persons can have no action. God send newlewomen better sport or better companion!"

Early Sprouts of Genius.—

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— A farmer, who had engaged the services of a son of the Emerald Isle, sent him out one morning to harrow a piece of ground. He had not worked long before, nearly all the teeth came out of the harrow. Presently the farmer went out into the field to take notes of Pat's progress, and asked him how he liked harrowing. "Oh," replied Pat, "it goes a bit smoother now since the pegs are out."

THE UNIVERSE.

AUGUST 14, 1869.

ONLY TWO RELIGIONS.

BY A. G. SPALDING.

Sectarian names are of no moral consequence. They confuse and stultify the mind. Principle is the thing. All religions—ancient or modern, of whatever name or country—may be combined under two heads, and marked by two underlying distinguishing principles, which may be termed the God principle and the Devil principle. So there are but two essential religions in the world—the God Religion and the Devil Religion.

God is Love; and such minds as practice that fact, making life progressive, reformatory and beautiful, and believing in a hopeful and happy future, have in their hearts the true God Religion.

The Devil is Hate; and those who embrace that principle, promulgating the doctrine of partial salvation and hell and damnation for eternity, and sustaining hateful and cruel institutions on earth, have what may justly be termed the Devil Religion.

There has always been a benevolent, intelligent and liberal-minded class of mankind, who had faith in humanity, worked for all good causes, and believed in a good time coming. That class has been known by such names as Prophets, Seers, Poets, Heretics, Infidels, Martyrs, Radicals, Liberals, Spiritualists, Abolitionists, Reformers, etc. They fought a moral battle, each in his day, and triumphed, or will triumph, sooner or later.

Then, there is another class—narrow, bigoted, mole-eyed, and conservative, who worship the dead past, but have no faith in the living present. Such were the Pharisees. They believed in the old Adam, but not in the new Jesus. That class are now called Orthodox. They are great sticklers for prayers, sacraments, sermons, Sunday-keeping, and meeting-going; for that gives the ministers a living, and keeps up the respectability of fashionable society.

The Persians believed in a good and an evil principle, as the governing power of the universe. These two principles were eternal, and kept an even balance. The Orthodox hold that the human race was entirely and absolutely lost, by eating a certain kind of fruit, whereby man became too knowing and wise, and consequently was ruined. This was the work of the devil. God invented a plan, however, to rescue man; yet he will succeed in saving but few, say, perhaps, one-tenth. The Devil will get the remaining nine tenths. Great is this Devil Religion, and very popular!

This Devil Religion rules the world to-day, in the name of Catholic and Protestant Orthodoxy. Its spirit pervades Church and State. It is a spirit of pride, dominion and conquest—of avarice and selfishness. It assumes the name of Christianity, but is a total perversion. Jesus was the Prince of Peace; but Orthodoxy is practically the religion of War. And what is War? It is human bloodshed, let loose and hell let loose on earth. Savages and brutes could do nothing worse. The organized war system of Christendom is tenfold more terrible than that of heathendom. In our blessed Christian (I) nation, in time of peace, the government expenses are 20 per cent. for good uses, and 80 per cent. for war purposes. So says Charles Sumner. Twenty per cent. to make earth a Heaven, and eighty per cent. to make it a Hell! Isn't that Devil Religion?

The spirit of our penal statutes is supposed to be Christian, but it is not so. It is Orthodox, or Jewish, not Christian. The method is eye for eye and tooth for tooth, or so much punishment for so much crime. Jesus forgave, and enjoined forgiveness, seventy times seven, and says, "go and sin no more." Devil Religion, or Orthodoxy, makes no such laws. Slaveholding was Orthodox; War is Orthodox; the Gallows and Prison, and vengeance on the guilty, are Orthodox. In the State of Delaware, the whipping-post and pillory have for a century been the barbarous Orthodox instruments of punishment.

Ignorance is said to be the mother of devotion, or extreme sanctimony. Fear and ignorance go together, and are the main elements of Orthodoxy. The Devil Religion is the bugaboo power to get up revivals with, and it works well on children and young people. Both the Catholics and Protestants understand this. It is essential in Sunday schools and camp-meetings. One amiable young man in a neighboring town, lately became insane through the influence of a revival, and is now in the Insane Asylum at St. Peter. The argument to such minds is, that eternal torment MAY BE POSSIBLE—therefore, beware! Be wise, and escape it ere it is too late!

Ignorance has no defense against such an appeal. The late imbruted slaves and the Poor Whites of the South, like the tyrant slave-masters, were all Orthodox, either by profession or tacit consent. The convicts of prisons are generally Orthodox, and are preached to by Orthodox chaplains. Our country neighbors and ignorant peasant laboring class are usually Orthodox, or lean that way. They argue that it is prudent to be on the safe side—which is not the logic of reason, but of fear and ignorance. Remove ignorance, and you knock the bottom out of Orthodoxy.

Training up children from the age of nursing infants in the forms and dogmas of the Church, they become crystallized, and imperious to all reason. Who would think of arguing with an orthodox Catholic? They are stuck in the mud. There is no window to their souls. Never having learned to reason, they are ruled by the old Pope, of Tradition, old Conservatism, old Fog, and old Mrs. Grundy. Talk to them of Woman's Suffrage or any other new thing for humanity, and of course they can't appreciate it.

"Religion is the chief concern of mortals herebelow," to keep us out of Hell. That is Devil Religion. Its advocates should not talk of Devil to those who have no faith in Devil. To use a Hibernianism, the Devil is the fourth person in the Orthodox Trinity. It is exclusively Orthodox. Without a Devil, the great plan of salvation would be stripped of all its ingenuity. Through his instrumentality, the future world is made nine-tenths Hell and only one-tenth Heaven; and correspondingly, the present world becomes a hell of fear and trembling and depraving influences, to prepare us for the Hell of the great Hereafter.

The writer was once a believer in the Devil Religion; but a wider range of thought has converted him to the God Religion. He now believes in a Good Time Coming, when good will supersede evil, light will dispel darkness, and the mustard-seed will develop into the branching tree. Devils, Hells, Hobbins and Bugbears are all realities in the

dark; but when light breaks in, how soon they prove mere imagination and fancy! Trust God! And if you can trust him to-day, you can trust him to-morrow. God makes all the future bright, as well as the present. "Perfect love casteth out all fear," and—the Devil.
Anoka, Minn.

MORE OF THE SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.

BY JOSEPH SINGER.

The participation in the exercises of all the members, as well as the general spirit of the Lyceum, tending to promote the independence and firmness of those frequenting it,—and being one of the chief benefits of this educational scheme, a survey of the individual exercises shows that they are well adapted to this end.

But again, we must be resolved upon uprooting the weeds, before they grow too strong for repression. While venerating the principle of universal freedom, there is such a thing as misapplying this noble doctrine. Whereas children laboring under the defect of an extreme diffidence should be encouraged at all times to remedy this imperfection by public speaking, etc., it is highly pernicious to apply this advice to children already possessing a superabundance of self-confidence. Extreme independence is much more to be feared than unlimited bashfulness. For as one can make a good loving person in private, which mere time may transform into a public worker; the other generally turns out a charlatan. This unbounded confidence in self, is no sign of genius, as some suppose (and particularly foolish parents); on the contrary, true talent is generally retiring and self-deprecating. "Fools step in where angels fear to tread." And if this truth cannot penetrate to the minds of those naturally most interested in the cases coming under these remarks, then it should be the duty of the Lyceum collective, to found a healthy opinion (if not actual laws of prohibition, which I do not believe in, except in a slight and necessary degree) upon the matter, and by its united voice check these evils.

Now, regarding the length of pieces chosen. It may be thought a sign of great intellectual power and precocity for the child to treat the audience to a half-hour lecture, poem, or oration. Nothing of the sort; this power of memorizing is a gift of nature; a person possessing it may be most mediocre in talent,—in fact beneath mediocrity,—as the case of blind Tom shows. Though capable of manifesting this power to a marvelous degree, yet he is almost a fool. It shows that one gifted thus, should strive hard to cultivate the opposite talent, judgment, (which is often in cases of great memory-wanting, to make an harmonious balance. And this can only be done by studying short pieces, and those well.

Besides, a child's voice, though pleasing for a short time, becomes most disagreeable and harsh when continued too long. For all know it needs the most talented orator to enchain our attention throughout a long strain. And in the Lyceum, more than one sensitive and sensible person has expressed a feeling like that of "setting on needles," to hear a sharp, child's voice declaiming a sonnet, or that a Murdock would be needed to grace "Pete's" recitations. This is one, and the sooner we get rid of the trouble, the better.

Sometimes we are treated to a word of wisdom by some one, read from a manuscript of ten pages foolscap, more or less. The presenting of words of wisdom is a most useful and pleasant feature of the Lyceum. The idea of it is, to embody in a short, concise sentence, some noble truth or moral teaching. But when a long essay is called a word of wisdom, it is a rather lax use of words. No word of wisdom should be longer than can be memorized, (leaving out the *India-rubber* memories), and never should be read.

There is a growing tendency in children to sing songs alone, i. e. without accompaniment. Those who listen and applaud these performances, have simply the use of their ears (musical) perverted. To any one of their most current range of musical literature and feeling, this practice is unendurable. Seldom is the right key struck; and oftentimes an audience is kept from laughing outright by decorum, when a child thus beginning wrong, before it is through with its song, finds itself seeking among the too high or too low notes, for a proper ending. And even other things being right, if there should be seventeen and a half verses to a song, persuade the singer to drop fourteen and a half of them, and depend upon it, the three stanzas will sound *angelic*, whereas in the case of singing all that are marked down, the singer and song will have no effect. "Short and sweet," is as applicable to songs as to sermons.

Regarding the accompaniments to songs, it may be said that there is no one to practice them with the children. If a child has learned a song and prepared to sing it alone, five minutes rehearsal with a competent pianist will enable them to proceed together. But if this is impossible, then, in heaven's name, omit the songs, for there is more pain than pleasure in hearing them sung alone.

But the worst of all is, when two persons sing a song together, each chanting the same parts. None but the most cultivated singers should dare to do this, and unless both voices blend as in one, it sounds barbarous. No comment is needed upon this, to persons having ears, and with those not gifted that way, words would be wasted on the subject. I do not complain, this incidentally, to the Lyceum, of these errors, in a civilizing spirit. They are sober realities, and can and should be rectified. For with the progression of the Lyceum, Spiritualism will flourish, and those having the good of the cause at heart, should labor, love and work, to raise a monument for the delight of the future, which can only be done by making the children the living, active stones with which to build it. This monument can never perish, while remains the material which peoples the kingdom of Heaven.

"EXETER HALL."

Of this great romance, B. F. UNDERWOOD, writes to the Boston *Investigator* as follows:

I have just finished reading the new theological romance, "Exeter Hall." It is, indeed, "a wonderful book." The author is entitled to the cordial thanks of every man and woman who deny the claims and despise the authority of the prevailing system of religion. The style and arrangement of the work denote taste and culture, while the remarks put into the mouths of the leading characters, and the observations contained in the work, stamp the writer as a clear thinker and a cogent reasoner. I wish a copy of "Exeter Hall" could be put into the hands of every intelligent person in the United States.

MARRIAGE REFORM—NOT ABOLITION.

Admitting that our present marriage is, in all the higher aspects, the grave of love, as is abundantly proved by observation and (experience, and attested by every novel coming to a close when the ceremony at the altar begins), is it therefore certain that the expunging from the statute book of all laws relating to marriage, would result in thoroughly pure and noble relations between the sexes? Would men, born into the old theologies, that inculcate an inferior position for woman, and brought up on tobacco and whisky, at once proceed to govern their animal instincts by the higher law within them? Would women, slaves for ages to the unquestioned authority of men, the larger number either frivolous and devoid of real self-respect, or sober drudges,—would they at once rise to the full proportions of womanhood, and with the conscious power always inherent in the best women, proceed to cleanse (as they only can) the Augean stable of society?

Vast improvement is possible *inside* our present system of marriage, and much more likely to come inside of it, than outside of it, at present. Men are not all selfish and sensual. Very many of them are only now beginning to see, that they have a right to hold sacred to purity and health, their own bodies, as well as their own souls. Hitherto, it was believed that, rightfully, marriage annihilated a woman's control of her own person, thoughts, and actions. Till to-day, she did not suspect her vastly preponderating influence in the creation of the character and intellect of her offspring, but took man's verdict in this as in other matters. Darwin shows that qualities induced by conditions, are transmitted through generations to one sex, missing the other. We can now understand how, after ages of slavery for herself, women can give birth to boys who have force and independence, and to girls who dare not think or act for themselves.

Certainly, before the chains are entirely removed; it would be advisable to bring up our daughters to learn trades and professions whereby they can be self-supporting, so that when they find themselves badly mated and unhappy, they can quietly and without fear of dependence or starvation, take their destinies into their own hands again. Liberty for self-support, and more rational divorce laws, we shall have to begin with. We have to learn, and progress on many sides at once, and can only go so fast. In this day and country, we can get things nearly as fast as we are ready for them. Let us be in earnest, but not violent, in our statements and demands. By all means expose the evils of the present social customs and laws; but we must remember that this generation of men did not institute them. They were born into them, like ourselves.

The present marriage laws were a step upward in their day. Feudalism, which we look back on with such horror, was at that time the only possible way society could be organized. Each step was a progress, and imperatively necessary before the one that followed. Primitive times were "primeval scenes of barbarism." *Primitive Lincoln* and *several prominent members of the cabinet!* One will remember that such a plot as these words describe was developed, though it was only partially successful. Whether it was already laid at the time of the prediction, does not matter. And do not refer to it here so much as a proof of Spiritualism, (for it might be referred to divination), as a case of genuine prophecy. And I will put it against all the "furies" to which Mr. P. can point.

to the correctness of my statement of the fact, the reader will have, for the present, to take my word. I will simply say to those acquainted with me, that while my "hor" and standing as a "prophet," are not my "own country" (Berlin Heights, Ohio) very remarkable, my reputation for veracity is decidedly good.

am not reviewing Mr. Patterson's article, but will only add a word or two. Some time in the year '62, one of these "prophets" (then fishing a small paper, devoted in part to prophecy) was questioned (through the *er*) as to the wisest money investments.

THE IMPENDING SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

Not long since I wrote an article for the *Present Age*, criticizing adversely the "peculiar institution" of Marriage. I considered the name, the motto of the paper, ("Come, let us reason together,") with the fact that a place had already been found for "South Side" up and invested at the right time, for views of the institution,—these I thought sufficient to warrant a counter-statement, or North side view. I was mistaken; for the editor informs us that his readers do not care for the name, the motto of the paper, ("Come, let us reason together,") with the fact that a place had already been found for "South Side" up and invested at the right time, for views of the institution,—these I thought sufficient to warrant a counter-statement, or North side view. 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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"LISUR. B."—The soldier to whom you refer, was John Lusk, who died in Warren Co., Tenn. June 8th, 1835, at the age of 104 years. He was born on Staten Island, Nov. 5th, 1734, and was in the military service nearly sixty years. His first enlistment was during the French war, when about twenty years old, and he served until its close. Mr. Lusk was a soldier at the siege of Quebec, and fought in the memorable action on the Plains of Abraham. He fought for American Independence from the commencement to the close of the war of the Revolution, and went into Canada with the expedition under Gen. Arnold. He was at the battle of Saratoga, where Burgoyne surrendered, and also at the siege of Yorktown, where he saw Cornwallis surrender his sword to Gen. Washington. At the close of the war he retired to private life, but did not long remain inactive, for on the first opportunity he abandoned his life of ease, and enlisted under Gen. Wayne, to fight the Indians. At the close of this campaign, although he was sixty years of age, he enlisted in the regular army under Col. Butler, and was stationed at West Point, N. Y. He remained here until he was nearly eighty years of age, when being worn down by age, and infirmities, he was discharged as unfit for duty. After leaving the army he eked out a scanty subsistence by working at his trade, which was that of a broom maker, assisted by the charities of such as would give, until the Pension Law of 1813 was passed, when he availed himself of its privileges, and from this time he was able to furnish himself with all the necessities of life. Mr. Lusk was of a remarkable constitution, and retained his physical energy to the very last; he was known to walk seven miles and back the same day, after he had reached the age of one hundred, and always preserved his firm, soldierly step and bearing.

"SOPHOMORE."—1st—"Fraternities at College" are organized for different purposes. Some have for their object literary and oratorical improvement; others brotherly communion and mutual help and support; and still others, secret, and opposition to Faculties. We approve of fraternities when carried on for the first two purposes named;—not otherwise.—Of course every association "affects the morals" for good or bad. There is no standing still;—no good or bad. 2d.—You can learn much of the art of painting from books, and if you have a talent for it, by observation; but it is a hundred times better for you to take lessons of a competent master. There are many principles of drawing, however, that you can learn from books before taking lessons. This will facilitate your progress when you commence taking them.—3d.—It is not "absolutely necessary to graduate at a college before taking up the study of law for a profession," but it is an invaluable preparation. If you will take the trouble to read the history of the first-class lawyers of the world, you will find that most of them were collegians.

"THEORIST."—The operation of the atmosphere upon the land proceeds in a mechanical and also in a chemical way. The hardest rock has a tendency to absorb oxygen and carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and to be dissolved by it. Granite is considered as the hardest of all rocks; and yet one of its component substances, (feldspar) has a tendency to be decomposed, and hence granite is often found to be pulverized to a considerable depth. Wind and rain have also a great tendency to reduce and wear away rocks. The water creeps into the fissures, and wears its way along; it sometimes freezes, and the expansion of the ice forces the rock apart; it sometimes fills a perpendicular cavity of great depth, and the tremendous weight thus brought to bear, sends the huge mass to fragments. In fact, there is no rest upon earth, for any part of earth; nothing may be secure from interruption; for the forces of nature are ever busy, changing the aspect and condition of our physical geography.

"PARVENUE."—There is not the least shadow of a doubt, that the tides are caused by the influence of the moon. The moon, as it passes around the earth, draws the latter slightly out of its natural relative position, and draws what might be called a huge wave after it. At the same time, it draws the land away from the water on the other side of the globe, and leaves the waters there to form another protuberance or wave. Thus two high tides are produced at opposite sides of the earth. The sun also has some effect, which, however, from its extreme distance, is much less; and when these two forces act together, we have spring, or large tides; when in opposition, neap or small tides.

"POSTMASTER."—Circulars, hand-bills, price-currents, etc., folded within the sheets of a regular newspaper, addressed to subscribers, subject it to transient rates of postage. The mere fact that the publisher heads these enclosures as supplements does not make them genuine supplements; and as the regulations define what a genuine supplement is, you should stop the papers containing these evasions and attempted frauds upon the revenue until full postage is paid. If the subscriber refuses to take his paper under these conditions, the paper should be returned to the mailing office, at same time reporting your action to the Department at Washington, of the violation of law.

"TLY."—If your base ball club cannot submit to the decision of an umpire regularly and legally chosen, they must be a very turbulent set of fellows indeed, or your umpire is a very incompetent and unjust person. The motto of every player should be,—"Never dispute an umpire during a game." It is better to play a little while under an unjust decision, than to waste time in disputing. In regard to the "becoming spirit" which you mention, you should recollect that a truly high-spirited man is as often known by submission to petty injustice, as by resistance to greater wrongs.

"SCHOOL GIRL."—The name of the distinguished French historian, used to go round the class as Guizot, Gew-is-it, Gizzet, Guizet, Gwezet, Gwezel, Guzzo, Gizzo, Guizzo, Gwezzo and Gezzo, but it has, at last, received an authoritative pronunciation. A member of the recent Philological Convention of Poughkeepsie stated that he had received a letter from M. Guizot, Sr., informing him that the name should, by all means, be pronounced Gu-izzo, while enclosed was a letter from M. Guizot, Jr., requesting that it be always pronounced Gwezzo.

Mrs. M. C. P.—The terms of the *Present Age*, are \$3.00 per year—published by Col. D. M. Fox, at Kalamazoo, Mich. We furnish the *Age* and the *UNIVERSE*, both ordered at one time, for \$4.00 per year.

Rev. R. B.—You can address Andrew Jackson Davis at Orange, N. J. It is doubtful whether Mr. Davis will be in the lecture field the coming season.

"THOMAS R."—Handel or Händel was born at Halle, Saxony, in 1684. His given name was George Frederic.

No post-up contract contracts our powers
The whole unbounded Universe is ours.

THE UNIVERSE.

Office, 113 Madison Street.

J. M. PEEBLES, Editor-in-Chief.
H. N. F. LEWIS, Managing-Editor and Publisher.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 14, 1869.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

All writers and correspondents for the *UNIVERSE* should address their communications to the Managing-Editor, or, simply, "The Universe, Chicago, Ill." If addressed to the Editor-in-Chief personally, they cannot be attended to during his absence. Especially should nothing relating to subscriptions or other business be addressed to him, for the same reason.

THE *UNIVERSE* as a business enterprise is no experiment. As the *Chicagoan* it long since established a wide reputation and a fair business success, and since the enlargement and change of name the receipts of subscriptions have been unexpectedly large, single names and clubs of subscribers coming to us from all quarters of the United States, from Maine to Florida and California.

We give liberal remuneration, in either premiums or cash commissions. In another place will be found a list of nearly one hundred different Premiums. They are articles of known value, and are rated at their regular retail prices, which are in some cases nearly the full amount of the subscription-money required. For instance, for only 30 subscribers and \$75 (the regular price), we give a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, regular price, \$60!

TO OUR READERS.

The subscription receipts of THE *UNIVERSE* are highly gratifying. We can still furnish complete files from July 1st, to new subscribers, who desire them in order to have Mrs. Corbin's Story complete, as well as many other good things already published.

Mr. PEEBLES' Letters from the Old World, which are to be furnished exclusively for THE *UNIVERSE*, will commence in a short time; consequently those who are forming clubs should forward names of subscribers as fast as procured.

The offer of "three months for fifty cents," to "trial" subscribers, expired Aug. 1st, hence names for three months must be paid for in proportion to yearly rate.

We could publish columns of extracts from enthusiastic letters, already received in praise of THE *UNIVERSE*.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

It seems impossible to organize Spiritualism. It is designed for the world, and not for a class. Who are Spiritualists? They were once Epicureans, Methodists, Presbyterians, etc., Materialists, Atheists in fact, representatives of nearly every religious denomination and school of thought in the world. They are, as Spiritualists, united upon merely a few fundamental principles. There are a marked difference of opinion among them as to be found among the organized Christian sects. Some of them believe in a personal God, as much as does any Christian, and pray to him; others believe in Nature, of which all planets and suns are the body. Some believe the Bible is a rich mine of spiritual wealth, others that it has been the source of more bigotry, tyranny and bloodshed than any other single instrumentality. Some believe in organization; others are strenuously opposed to any systematic plan of action. Some are in favor of an organization for business purposes; others, of a religious organization, with a declaration of principles.

These diverse elements were first brought together, as representative of American Spiritualism, in Chicago, about five years since. There was no assimilation then, and there are no symptoms of probable assimilation now. In time, no doubt, there will be a union of the liberal forces upon some great leading idea, around which all the divisions will revolve, each one upon its own axis; and in this way Spiritualism will absorb all organizations, instead of being appropriated by them. It will be the light and heat of the world, developing in humanity a live, practical, every day religious element, one uniting the race in the bond of universal love. Conventions of Spiritualists, and of all interested in religious reform, with and without organization, are useful inagitative work, preliminary to the systematic movements of the future. So we look forward with interest to the annual meeting of American Association of Spiritualists to convene at Buffalo, on the 31st inst.

HOMES FOR SPEAKERS.

Believing in the divinity of humanity, and appreciating noble impulses, it affords us pleasure to chronicle the fact that the Spiritualists of Glen Beulah, Wis., and localities contiguous, are building a fine residence for presentation to Rev. J. O. Barrett. The frame already up, the construction is rapidly approaching completion. The site is sufficiently elevated to command a view of the village, which, with the glebe clothed in emerald and nearly circled by a sheet of rippling water, conspires to render the scenery exceedingly attractive.

This sensible present bespeaks a becoming appreciation of Mr. Barrett as a man of great moral worth, fine scholarly attainments, gifted as writer and speaker. He commenced lecturing in Glen Beulah last December. Knowing the power of social influence, and possessing rare talent and culture, he favors, as might be expected, long settlements. The Universalist denomination recently excommunicated him for heresy and the neglect of certain pope

prescribed duties of creedal sect-building.

Would that the reputed eleven millions of American Spiritualists might all feel it a pleasure to provide, or at least assist our faithful, self-sacrificing lecturers and media to provide themselves, with comfortable homes.

DARK DAYS.

Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land, and unto the ninth hour.—(Mathew.)

And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened and the moon was rent in the midst.—(Luke.)

Remarkable obstructions of the sun's disk, during which the stars have been seen at midday (as, for instance, in the observation of 1547, which continued for three days, and occurred about the time of the eventful battle of Muhlberg), cannot be explained as arising from volcanic ashes, or dust, and were regarded by Kepler as owing either to a *matéria cometa*, or to a black cloud formed by the sooty exhalations of the solar body. The shorter observations of 1090 and 1203, which continued, the one only three, and the other six hours, were supposed by Chladni and Schumacher to be occasioned by the passage of meteoric masses before the sun's disk.—(Humboldt's Cosmos.)

The historian Coffin, writing of the dark day of 1780, and other New England matters, says, under date of May 19th:

This day has been the most remarkable in the memory of man for darkness. For a week or ten days the air had been very thick and heavy; which made the sun look uncommonly red. On the morning of the nineteenth, the sun was visible for a short time very early, but was soon overcast, and very black clouds were seen to rise suddenly, and very fast from the west. The wind, whatever it was of it, (though hardly enough to move the leaves on the trees) was from the south-west. The forementioned clouds, mixing with the vast quantities of smoke occasioned by a general burning of the woods, caused, in the opinion of many, this unusual alarming darkness, which began about twenty minutes before eleven o'clock, A. M., and lasted the whole day, the east not equally dark all the time. It was the darkest from about twelve to one o'clock. Afterward, it became a larger light at the horizon, which made it somewhat lighter. It was, however, at the lightest, darker, I think, than a moonlight night.

In the memoirs of the *American Academy* we find the following:

Candles were lighted up in the houses, the birds having sung their evening songs disappeared and became silent; the fowls retired to roost; the cocks were crowing all around, as at break of day; objects could be distinguished at a very little distance, and everything bore appearance as if it were day. On account of the remarkable darkness, it is still called the "dark day."

In the foregoing references, Mathew, Luke, Humboldt and Coffin all give vivid accounts of dark days. The facts are not disputed. But why should the darkened sun of Mathew, and Luke's time be ascribed to supernatural causes, and the others to natural causes? If the dark hours of that crucifixional day were a miracle, or a manifestation of divine wrath, why not the "dark day" of 1780, or those mentioned by Humboldt?

The ignorant and superstitious are ever averse with the miraculous. They feast on the wonderful. Rejecting the evidence of their senses and the deductions of reason, they are prone to ascribe strange physical phenomena to miraculous causes. They have yet to learn that natural law, is an absolute impossibility. Churches, mossy with ancestral traditions, have yet to be educated up to the comprehension of the idea that Nature is united—that God is in the universe, and governs by fixed and immutable laws.

Miracles and specialties of all kind pertain to the realm of the finite, and not to the infinite. The darkened sun of Mathew's Humboldt's and Coffin's time, like earthquakes, volcanoes and hail-storms in the present, can be far more rationally accounted for upon the principles of science and natural philosophy, than by a childish resort to the marvellous, or that credal panacea, the supernatural.

JOEL MOODY'S LABORS IN KANSAS.

The labors of that dauntless pioneer, J. M. Moody, of Mound City, Kansas, in difficult portions of that State, are bringing a good and abundant fruit. Mr. Moody is able and eloquent speaker, sound as well as radical. Of the closing lectures of a course given at Lawrence, the *Daily Journal* speaks as follows:

Mr. Moody has an earnestness of manner in his teaching or lectures that never fail to deeply arrest the attention of his hearers, speaking with a sincerity of heart as from impulse of obedience to conscience. His lecture Tuesday evening was noble, it grand. The one on Monday evening science and reason condensed. The question was fully stated. He pointed the conclusion irresistible. He pointed the conclusion of these in all their horrid forms, monstrous proportions and blackness, and in the proportions and blackness, and in the causes he expatiates God. An awful terrible responsibility he throws on man. Evil he does not make a mere negation of good, but often a positive sin, the result of active force. Hence he does not make the machine, a mere puppet in the hands of God; but claims that in his life and development God has furnished certain laws to govern him, which, if violated, produce evil. He makes still further innovations upon the old theology, "for," says he, "man goes through hell to get to heaven." The reader will understand by an extract from his lecture Tuesday evening:

"It is blasphemy to say that God made man to be a curse to his parents, blighted by his hopes, a perfect blot on the human page, or that He made the murderer or thief or child of lust; these are all made by men, women, all failures in the moral race. The idiot gawks while the moral weeds over the mutual ruin or moral darkness of her child; and God designs that the shall gawk, that the thief shall steal, the derelict kill, and the child of lust bring shame on parents, till mankind learn to live a good life, studying the child's good in its process."

—A Woman's Suffrage Convention is held at Newport, R. I., on the 25th inst., at which Mrs. Stanton, Pauline Davis, Mrs. Burleigh, the Rev. Phebe H. Davis, Susan B. Anthony, the Carey sisters, and Mrs. Beecher Hooker will be among the speakers.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

The *Christian Repository*, Montpelier, Vt., says of Prof. I. G. Stearns, the celebrated psychologist, under the title, "Queer Phenomena":

Prof. I. G. Stearns has been giving a series of Psychological lectures and experiments in this place during the last fortnight. His exhibitions have been very comical and interesting. For instance, he gets the control of the minds, or muscles, at least, of half a dozen lads or young ladies, and makes them do his bidding, by a mere command or effort of his own will. They see what he wills them to see, of sights either beautiful or ugly; and taste what he says they must taste, either bitter, sweet or sour, agreeable or disagreeable. On the whole, he makes a good deal of sport for the people to laugh at.

Prof. Stearns' lectures and exhibitions are eminently instructive, aiding in the discovery of mental and spiritual laws, now very little understood by the masses of the people. The Professor is an avowed Spiritualist—in fact, a medium, and many of his singular tricks, he avers, are performed with the aid of spirits and often entirely by them, contrary to his own will, as any thorough investigator can be satisfied for himself.

We would like to see Prof. Stearns in the West.

—Woman suffrage is gaining ground in Great Britain, among the more intelligent classes of the people, even to a greater degree than in the United States. It would be hard to find an assemblage of more distinguished and intellectual people, than that which filled a hall in London on the 17th of last month. Mrs. P. A. Taylor presided; Mrs. Fawcett, wife of the member of Parliament from Brighton, John Stuart Mill, Lord Houghton, Karl Blind, the Right Hon. James Stansfeld, M. P., Charles Kingsley, Prof. Masson and others, occupying places on the platform. Addresses were made by Lord Houghton, Mr. Mill, Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett, and Mr. John Morley.

—The American Association for the Advancement of Science will meet at Salem, Mass., on the 18th inst., and the proceedings, embracing as they will, the observations on the recent eclipse, together with the dedication of the Peabody Academy of Sciences, promise to be of unusual interest. An excursion train of Western scientific men will leave the Michigan Central depot, Chicago, in one of Pullman's sleeping cars, at 5:45 o'clock p. m., on the 15th inst. Those wishing to join the party are requested to leave their names at the Chicago Academy of Sciences at an early day.

—The paper of the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, published in our last issue, is one of great importance. The clergy will discover in it we think, many useful materials of thought. Our lay readers might find it time well spent to refer to, and carefully read, the numerous Scripture references for which chapter and verse are given by Mr. Owen. That number should be especially preserved.

—At the Spiritualists' Grove Meeting, commencing at Battle Creek, Mich., yesterday the 13th, to continue over Sunday, the following are among the speakers:—J. S. Loveland, Susie M. Johnson, A. B. Whiting, Nettie M. Pease, Prof. Whipple, Mrs. S. A. Horton, A. B. French, and Mrs. A. L. Ballou—certainly a goodly array.

—Those wanting reformatory publications, or books of any kind, should purchase of the National Book and News Co., who have opened a fine store at 113 Madison St.; (under the Western Rural office,) in connection with whose store is the Business-office of the *UNIVERSE*.

—Mrs. ADDIE L. BALLOU spoke at Crosby's Music Hall, on Sunday last, JOEL MOODY, of Kansas, assisting in the services. Mr. MOODY gave a very able address at the same Hall, on Monday evening, on the question—"Who made the Fool and Villain?"

—We are gratified to be able to speak of the business prospects of THE *UNIVERSE* as brilliant in the first degree. The subscription receipts have much exceeded our anticipations, and yet are increasing every day.

—We offer a choice of a copy of Mrs. Adams' "Dawn," Mrs. Corbin's "Rebecca" or Anna Dickinson's "What Answer," for two subscribers, sent with the money, \$5.00.

—The regular subscription price of THE *UNIVERSE* is \$2.50 per year, invariably in advance. No paper is sent in any case beyond the time paid for, unless sent without charge.

OLD COINS.

The Editor of The *Universe*: I have one of the "old coins," referred to your "Answers to Correspondents" of the 7th of July 10th. In the center of the obverse links on one side, is the motto "We are one." On the reverse, there is a dial with sun shining upon it, with the motto, "Mind your business."

On the obverse are the letters "U. M. C." and the date 1787. At the base is a wreath, around which are the words, "Libertas et Justitia, 1785." On the reverse, there is a diagram enclosing thirteen stars, and in the margin the words, "Commonwealth of Massachusetts." I have another of the obverse is "Washington and Liberty," and the reverse is the goddess of Liberty, and "United States." I have one issued in 1780. On the obverse is "Auctoritas," around the wreathed head, and on the reverse, "Ind. et Lib." with the goddess of Liberty. I have one other coined in the Bay of Fundy, the spread eagle, and the Indian with bow and arrows. And while on this subject I may remark, that I have a number of the Egyptian coin, very ancient, some

of which I would sell, or exchange for other coin. LARRY SUNDERLAND.

Quincy, Mass.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, August 7, 1869.

This great Republic may, in my opinion, be regarded as the Christ of nations. Since the opening of the present century, it has done more toward the enfranchisement and ennobling of the human family, than had been accomplished through all the cycles of antiquity. Its doctrines always tending toward the elevation of the masses, the blood of its recent crucifixion has purified its skirts of the last stain, until it now stands on the mount of its own transfiguration, one of the most glorious embodiments of wisdom, benevolence and justice, known to the annals of mankind, and in whose broad effulgence, the unsightly chains of European despotism are steadily dissolving, like wax before the fire.

It is instructive to contemplate the blindness with which the tyrannies of the Old World regard the sources of the internal commotions which, of late years, have beset them so constantly. With a strange fatuity, they waste their tottering energies on countless expedients of temporary relief, without appearing to recognize the fact, that it is to the influence of America, negative though it may be, that their difficulties may be traced mainly. In this age of newspapers and the rapid interchange of thought, the European masses are not slow to discover the wide difference between their *status* and that of the people of this continent, wherever our jurisdiction extends. They perceive, that, with all the boasted freedom of their institutions, they are, in reality, neither more nor less than the victims of caste, who are Pariahs according to law, and subject to the few, who are born to rule and monopolize all wealth and power.

This is what has long disturbed Europe to its centre, and drained it of much of its honest bone and sinew. The light of American freedom has fallen upon its dark places, and revealed the contents of their charnel-houses. The gigantic shuttle of the ocean steamer, freighted with the glorious wool of Republican ideas, has been flashing through its gloomy and repulsive warp, and weaving into the degraded web of its existence, those warm and radiant tissues which alone drape free and independent people. Every American ship that touches its shores, is a brain-blow to its oligarchies, and every free and educated American citizen who comes in contact with any of its oppressed millions, is a live coal in the thatch of its feudalism and religious usurpations.

In this latter connection, the *UNIVERSE* is, I am satisfied, destined to play a very conspicuous part; not only from the influence which it cannot fail to exert, *per se*, wherever it is to be found, but from the important additional circumstance, that its able editor-in-chief, J. M. Peebles, is already steaming across the Atlantic, with a view to enriching its columns, constantly, with that charming "editorial correspondence," fresh from the great marts and famous localities of the Old World, which so delights and instructs us in this hemisphere. From a pen so cultivated and observant, we may expect much; while the advent in England of a gentleman so distinguished in literary and Spiritual circles, will be marked, among the adherents of the Divine Philosophy at least, with a white stone. Mr. Peebles sailed from this city for Liverpool, in the Virginia, on Saturday, 31st ultimo, at 10 A. M.

I have found great pleasure in forming the acquaintance here of the Rev. Mr. Benning, a venerable Spiritualist, who, in the early days of the cause in its modern aspect, has suffered much for it; but who still glories in the faith, and, with light upon his brow, awaits his joyous entry into the Summer Land. He informs me that there cannot be much short of sixty thousand Spiritualists in this city, but that, with some honorable exceptions, they are miserable time-servers, who dishonor their convictions by constraining them, for worldly ends, to fall into line with the Old Theology. How unworthy such men of the sublime revelation that is now upon us; and how assuredly shall they suffer on "the day of reckoning," for their treason to truth and the divine promptings within them. Mr. Benning's sunset is most glorious, and a striking illustration of the heavenly origin and grandeur of the principles that fill his soul; for notwithstanding that the ban of the churches has been laid upon him with a heavy hand, and that, through Wall Street speculators, he was, in his old age, beggared in the course of a single day, and cast penniless upon the world to earn his daily bread, and that of his family, yet, so pure and so undying is the flame that burns upon his altar, that the lustre of his eye is still unquenched, while the clear, ringing music of his laugh, tells how peaceful and joyous is all within, and how sweetly the evening rays of his existence are stealing into dawn.

"Dawn"—There is something very beautiful and expressive in the word. Let me see—

DAWN!
With folded wings of dusky light,
On yonder purple hill she stands,
An angel, between day and night,
With tinted shadows in her hands.

Till speedily transfigured there,
With all her dazzling plumes unfurled,
She climbs the crimson-flooded air,
And flies in glory o'er the world.

Although I believe in the clearly-chiseled individuality of woman, and am satisfied that her light is not like that of the moon yet, I am of the opinion, that the bathing or watering place at Coney Island, here, is not, as things are now managed, calculated to improve her *status* in this connection. If the churches were convinced, that they were Spiritualists who, without distinction of sex, were jumbled up in the water in unseemly and insufficient dresses, at this point, during the last month, how some Christian Diogenes would make his Sunday tub resound with virtuous indignation, at a condition of affairs so questionable! I know of nothing that rubs the gloss off a beautiful young girl so effectually, as to see her leaving the water like a drowned rat, with shabby-looking cements clinging to her, that an hour previously might have been worn by some person of very suspicious morals and cleanliness, and that excited the risible faculties of hundreds of spectators that lined the beach, as she slouched through them, bare-footed, full fifty yards or more to her bathing or rather dressing box.

You will have perceived that the angel of the golden gates has visited the National Labor Union, and beguiled the chief of that noble body, William H. Sylvius, to lay down his earthly trust for a higher one on the shining side of the Jordan. No man had for years distinguished himself more thoroughly and disinterestedly in the cause of labor. But a very short period ago, I had the pleasure of an introduction to him, in this city, through

that other noble champion of the working-man, Horace H. Day. He then appeared in excellent health and spirits, and was full of the coming Labor Convention at Philadelphia. Verily, we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth.

The weather has been cool and pleasant for some time past. Another Fenian invasion of Canada is spoken of, and will, in my opinion, be attempted. The Irish and the Germans swamp the pure American element here completely. This is rather trying to those "native to the manor born," and reasonably so; but it is a consequence of the righteous liberality of the nation, which shall, one day, bear what may perhaps be called more palatable fruit.—It is said that Senator Sprague has either bought the Washington *National Intelligencer*, or is negotiating for it. On the other hand, it is rumored, that a company, at the Capital, is endeavoring to raise funds to resuscitate it.—It is cheering to observe that our national debt is being reduced, and that President Grant's clear recognition of the Neutrality Law, in relation to Cuban sympathisers, is likely to operate largely in our favor touching the Alabama claims. We must, at least, practice what we preach, if we would succeed in the accomplishment of our glorious destiny. We hope and pray for the freedom of every oppressed nationality, and denounce every system of tyranny; but we are bound by laws and circumstances which hold us within the pale of general usage and civilization, and these controlling influences we must respect. Locos.

REASONS WHY.

BY MRS. ELVIRA WHEELLOCK RUGGLES.

Frequently it is asked me—"Why do you talk as you do?" "Why do you express so much bitterness in your writings toward men?" "One would be led to conclude that your experience with men had been altogether unfortunate, and therefore unfavorable to a just estimate of the masculine half of humanity."

To the first question, I promptly answer, that I feel there is need of such talk. Because this, that, or the other individual may not see as I see, and feel as I feel, furnishes no good reason why I should close my eyes, and hold my peace. Some people are far-sighted—others short-sighted. All cannot see alike. The moral and spiritual perceptions of different minds vary in exact ratio to the difference in development; hence it is useless to expect all to think, see, feel or act alike. This is as it should be. Let each and all bravely speak their honest convictions, and as bravely act as seemeth best, and good will come of it. This clashing of intellectual steel, brightens and burnishes faculties. Conflict of opinion, dictated and governed by common sense and reason, is advantageous to the growth of individuals and peoples.

It is a mistake to suppose that I feel any bitterness toward men. I am earnest and positive in denunciations of whatever there is in established laws and customs that gives man authority or dictatorship over woman. I feel it a duty to speak against the wrong, injustice, and oppression, to which woman is, and ever has been subjected—to speak against those decrees of church, state and society, which give to man the majority of life's best prerogatives, and so endow him with unlimited power to act the tyrant, if he choose to do so. I feel it right to speak in defense of justice, and in opposition to wrong, wherever found—to raise the voice of protest against the exercise of oppression everywhere; not because I believe all men are tyrants, or all women slaves; not because I do not respect, reverence, and truly appreciate whatever is noble and generous in man. Aye! God knows how truly and how well I do this—to what lofty heights I hold him in my thought, and in my soul, when he stands in the full-grown majesty of righteous, royal manhood, clothed in the strength, dignity, and sweetness of honor, truthfulness and spirituality! Surely no woman invokes brighter blessings or sweeter benedictions upon the heads of the noble men of this age, and of all time, than she who pens these words; and it is to such men she looks to find the boldest, bravest of woman's champions, and for that assistance that will insure success and final satisfaction.

Of my own personal experiences with men I have nothing to complain. I have had no tyrant father, nor have I a tyrant husband to "lord" it over me. Upon both these, so closely bound to my life by the ties of blood and of affection, my spirit showers its choicest blessings, and its noblest praise for their native nobility and manliness of soul. Each day brings to me a renewal of faith and joy, and a deep thankfulness pervades my inner being, that words are inadequate to express. But I have eyes to see, ears to hear, and understanding to perceive something outside of and beyond the boundaries of my own little life. I have not lived to reach the years of womanhood without quite an extended observation and acquaintance with men and women, and their ways of living and doing. For four years prior to my marriage, I travelled and lectured. I saw and heard much that was positively startling. All the strength of a woman's nature rose in rebellion against existing laws, standards, and prejudices. I determined to labor to the end that a change, a modification, a removal of these, should be effected. I stood face to face with men, in private and in public, in the seclusions of my study, and the open rostrum, where I made my speech as emphatic and as plain as possible, with the aid of human language. Now, mark the effect!

Again and again, the strong, the weak, the learned and the uneducated among men, have come to me and said, "God bless you! You have given us a revelation of things as they are, and as they should be! You have made me see and feel as I never saw or felt before! You have made me realize how thoughtlessly even the very elect among men constantly impose restraints, burdens, and duties innumerable upon woman." Again and again these men, by these and like expressions and assurances, have encouraged, impelled and sustained me in my work, when my strength would otherwise have failed.

One instance I will relate. Upon one occasion I had addressed an audience composed mostly of men, on the subject of "Human Rights and Wrongs." I had spoken very earnestly and feelingly, until my own heart was brimming over with tears, when, at the close, a large, rough-looking man came, and taking me by the hand said,—"Mrs. Wheelock, you have made a better man of me, if God gives me strength to carry out my resolution. I come to thank you, and to say, continue on as fearlessly and as brave as you have been to-day, and you will touch the hardened heart of many a man. I am going home to prove myself a better husband than I ever thought of being." And, with tears in his eyes, he turned and left me. Need I say, that, then and there, new strength, new courage, and new faith were given me? I believe in plain speech.

SPIRITUALISM AND RELIGIOUS REFORM.

BY F. L. WADSWORTH.

Probably one of the best definitions that can be given of religion, now, is the following, to wit, "Religion is the spontaneous expression of the human spirit, consequent upon its relation to the Infinite spirit." The relation here recognized is that of offspring to parent, in which the former embodies the essential qualities, in kind, of the father, and by virtue of this likeness in quality, maintains a sympathetic, vital relation thereto. Of in one sense it is the relation of dependents to source; as, vegetation to the sun, the vital germ inherent in the former, being quickened by the vitalizing, ethereal touch of the latter. In either case, the former turns confidently, earnestly, prayerfully toward the latter, and meekly, but with purposeful determination, receives the divine bestowal. It follows then, that religion is the spontaneous expression of a naturally integral part of the human being; that it is a native inheritance of human kind; that over all the earth it is the same essential thing, differing only in manner and quantity of expression; the manner being subject to educational bias and change, the quantity being subject to increase by cultivation.

Theology, which in high tone is said to be "the science of God and divine things," is the expressed intellectual conviction of man, relative to the object and subject of religion. As such, its authority is simply human. It is as various in its provision and manner as are nations, schools, sects, and cliques, and properly subject at any time to criticism and the sway of human progress. Hence, many of the so-called religious wars that darken history; the religious revolutions that have occurred; and the continual effort at religious reform with the view of supplanting old religious customs by the introduction of new ideas concerning spiritual things. Moses urging his ideas of God as opposed to idolatry, Jesus of Nazareth preaching the spiritual kingdom as opposed to the Pharisaic atheism of his time, Luther urging the "right of private judgment" as against the assumed jurisdiction of the Church, and Murray with his idea of universal salvation as opposed to everlasting punishment, are familiar illustrations of our thought, while more obscurely to the masses, but not less powerful as a means of revolution, the rational conceptions of Des Cartes and Bacon, promulgated in Philosophy, have served to rid the human mind of vague inconsistent notions relative to Man's spiritual nature and its career. Precisely in this illustrated sense, Spiritualism stands as a means of religious reform, and its claims and purposes are substantially as follows.

Up to the middle of the nineteenth century, the theology of all religious Christian denominations, accepting the idea of a personal supreme God, assumed that all spiritual manifestations and religious experiences were supernatural—that they transcended the law and order of nature, and came as a special expression of God's will direct to mankind, or indirectly through Jesus to the elect, or to those who believed in Jesus as the world's Savior. Upon this assumption, all other theological assumptions, including the plan of inspiration of the Bible, total depravity, original sin, vicarious atonement by the blood of Jesus, the substitution of the wholly spiritual for the wholly carnal in human nature by conversion, or the so-called change of heart, through Jesus, are based. And when it shall once appear to the human understanding that Supernaturalism is an assumption, having no logical support in the nature of things, and indeed, that it is absolutely at variance with established science, the whole theological superstructure of Christianity based thereon will be set aside, as Alchemy by the establishment of Chemical science, and Astrology by the demonstrable methods of Astronomy.

Spiritualism is diametrically and irrevocably opposed to Christian Ecclesiastical theology. It confronts Supernaturalism with the declaration that the laws and methods of nature are universal and supreme, and that the expressions of life and wisdom thereby made are God's only authentic revelations. As against original sin and absolute human depravity, it endows every human being with the divine likeness in germ; and instead of atonement, and miraculous change, joining the basely human to the divinely spiritual, as a means of "salvation," it affirms with emphatic positiveness, that the integral divine essence of human kind, is by the natural processes of education fully adequate to the salvation of each and every human being respectively. In brief, Spiritualism, as a means of religious reform, is to theology what Chemistry was to Alchemy, and what Astronomy was to Astrology. It proposes by entire and radical changes to supplant the supernatural, and to establish the natural in all practices and theories involving questions of human and spiritual well-being, whether pertaining to the experiences of this world, or to the future life of the soul.

The reader will please not fail to make a distinction between religion and theology, as viewed in the light of Spiritual Philosophy. Religion is of the spirit, and is universal and spontaneous. Theology is a mentally contrived system touching the source and ways and means of religion. The utter denial and abrogation of a theological system, in no wise invalidates the religion that has associated therewith. A religious reform, or revolution, as here understood, is a modification, or an entire change, of customs which give direction to religious sentiment, and serve as its standard of interpretation. No one can contemplate seriously the claims and purposes of Spiritualism with reference to religion, without becoming conscious of the fact that the very vitals of society are to be reached thereby, providing these claims are enforced and these purposes comprehended. It is no narrow reform, merely exchanging similar theological notions. It is the entire supercession of a powerful theological system, root and branch, and supplying therefor a philosophical substitute, essentially different with reference to method and manners.

The ethics of the people reached by this reform, will be largely revolutionized. Personal relations will be re-adjusted. Old standards of moral and social judgments will be removed, and others fill their places; personal responsibilities will be enhanced; indeed, a radical religious reformation is the immediate precursor of corresponding social and political revolutions, the latter being as complete as the former is thorough. Spiritualism as a religious reformer, does not come to society uninvited or unneeded. The theological hypothesis that religion is something to be acquired—that it is not a part of us and subject to careful daily attention, has survived its period of usefulness, and is, practically, a dead clogging error, breeding moral pestilence and distrust. The old fiction of atonement has engendered too easy habits respect-

ing religious and personal duties, until dishonesty is the acknowledged rule of life in many of the avenues of society. The fear of the devil no longer disturbs people of ordinary intelligence, so that in many respects life has become a scene of riot and plunder, without the hope of reward or the fear of punishment, and modern theological doctrines have no remedy therefor. But this is not all.

A diamond besmeared is a diamond still. The germ enshrined ever struggles toward the sunlight. And so from beneath the inherited error of the past and the passion of the present, the God in man rises up and demands its own, and finds it in the idea of Spiritual Philosophy, and he will receive it at the hands of this revolutionary age. A new interpretation of religion and its uses is one of the absolute demands of the time.

Spiritualists ought to fully comprehend this demand, and the importance of its attainment. As religious reformers, they should be as earnest for their time, as was Moses, as uncompromising as Jesus, as brave as Luther, as persistent as Murray, and as rational as Bacon, and holding fast to nature in all things, seek to lay the foundation for a new administration of religious, social, political, and commercial interests.

To cultivate religion as a divine emotion of the human spirit, and to sanctify therewith all of the pleasant and useful relations of life, is a purpose worthy of sincere and lasting devotion.

NEW BOOKS.

LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy, gathered "Behind the Scenes in Richmond." Containing Curious and Extraordinary Information of the Principal Southern Characters in the Late War, in Connection with President Davis, and in Relation to the Various Intrigues of his Administration. By Edward A. Pollard, Author of "The Lost Cause," etc. Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and Atlanta: National Publishing Co.

One thing can be said of Mr. Pollard, in contradistinction to most other writers of the day: he has a unique way, a very original way, a refreshingly independent way, of his own. He has his own theories, sees things with his own eyes, tells them in his own words, and fearlessly submits them to his readers.

Whatever the opinions or theories advanced by a writer, we like to see this spirit, and we always respect it, independent of belief or disbelief in the assertions made or the theories submitted. If a man will say that the moon is made of green cheese, and say it in such a sharp, confident, aggressive way that it will stir up the resentment of a few thousand muddled, sleepy heads so far as to drive them to consider what it is made of—we esteem that man far higher than him who lulls his readers to sleep, and deadens their intellectual sensibilities, with time-honored theories and stereotyped views.

Now here is Mr. Pollard's novel definition of Eloquence: "As a term of art, eloquence has a very distinct and severe meaning: it denotes a quality that is the rarest of human gifts, and which, however difficult of definition, is as unmistakable in its effects as the mesmerism that by subtle influences enchains its subject, possesses all his sympathies, and makes him for the time obey its will, and rectify the very sense of the other. It is, in fact, a moral mesmerism, the conversion of an audience into the alter ego of the individual, the irresistible command of a sympathy that identifies itself with the speaker, and binds up the hearts of men in one common feeling and affection. It is no more possible to mistake this mysterious power of eloquence than the property of a general, distinguished from all other faculties of man, mysterious and divine, and so seldom possessed, that Eloquence, taking it as a term of art, may be said to be the very rarest of that rare gift called genius, and those who may be called orators in the highest sense of the word, may be counted by the tens in the sum of all ages of the world, and in the entire extent of human history.

This definition is certainly different from the popular one, and illustrates very forcibly the independence of the author. Another instance is the plan he adopts in the writing of his work. He holds that every thing, memorable in a historical sense, and all that is really essential to tell, takes place within a limited number of years; and within this compass he finds the proper limits of Biography. So, he does not commence with Mr. Davis several hundred years before he was born, telling all the characteristics and deeds of his various grandfathers and grandmothers, and gently chronicling all his infantile sports and peculiarities. He does not follow him through his boyhood days, and relate the inevitable precocities which induced old neighbors (as they afterward managed to remember) to shake their heads ominously, and predict that this boy would some time make his mark in the world.

This peculiarity of Mr. Pollard is sensible, and up to the times. The annals of a great man's boyhood are almost inevitably a bore, for embryotic great men are usually not brilliant successes, as boys. Let us hope, then, that Mr. P. is introducing a new era in this respect. Let us hope that future biographers will tell the public just what they want to know, and not palm off a mass of common-place incidents, instead of useful and interesting matter.

But with all these merits, this work lacks that true dignity and impartiality which should characterize a history. We admire our author's independence and general indifference to the opinions of everybody else, when he discourses concerning things wherein his feelings are not interested; but when he allows his prejudices and his personal enmity to affect his estimate of character, then we must see, directly, that just in proportion as his judgment is thus affected, just in that proportion must his work fail of being a true historical narrative.

In his Preface, with a readiness which shows him to be fully conscious of whatever talent he possesses, he informs us that he "proudly ventures to produce a work that will not only interest these present times, but that 'will live,' permanently and assuredly, if even among the humbler monuments of the historical literature of America." Now, if he is going to do this, he should lay personal enmity aside, and when he criticizes, do so candidly, and not with that air of premeditated disapproval which pervades nearly every mention of Mr. Davis. Indeed the entire book bears too much the character of a mammoth invective upon its subject and his doings. Even when for the sake of seeming impartial, he attributes some ventures to Mr. D. The disguise is too transparent to hold.

The historian of a nation or a succession of events, should be impartial and truthful; he should tell facts as they occurred, without fear or favor, and when he criticizes, do so honestly and fairly. But when, instigated by ill-feeling, he descends to the level of personal disparagement, then he is no true historian, but, as it were, a pamphleteer. Whatever may be the personal merits of Mr. Davis or Mr. Pollard, (and we are not disposed, from our Northern standpoint, to regard either of them very favorably,) it is tolerably clear that a man whose judgment is so warped by personal feeling as is Mr. Pollard's, cannot produce a history, which, as a history, will be of permanent value.

With the originality of ideas, facility of language, and power of directness which Mr. Pollard possesses, we doubt not he might write a really valuable historical work, concerning some subject in which his feelings are not interested.

This work is not sold by book sellers, but by agents. The publishers desire one in every county.

THE DYNAMIC CURE. By LaRoy Sunderland Third Edition; Published by James Walker, Chicago, 1869. Pp. 116. Cloth.

This is a new edition of a book previously published by Bela Marsh, Boston, and which has achieved a deservedly wide circulation. The term Dynamic is selected as the scientific expression of those processes which the soonest assist the nutritive functions, as a general rule, without medicine. When either the ingestive, retentive, or egestive motions are disturbed, the phenomena occur which are called disease; and when the cure is brought about, it is said to be Dynamic, because it is performed by the Economy of Life. The author does not deny that the sick may recover through the use of medicine, but he affirms that in all cases the healing force is in the human organism, not in the medicine. To the elucidation of the modes of this natural cure of disease, so as to place them under human control, this volume is devoted. The work, however, does not deal exclusively with the cure of ailments, but also with the philosophy and science of healthful nutrition and modes of life—dress, sleep, air, occupation etc.—in order to preserve the human economy from abnormalism.—Curious facts in the history of medicine and brief quotations from many learned medical authorities are brought forward to illustrate the dense ignorance and self-contradictory theories which have prevailed in doctoring under the empirical system. The crude opinions of orthodox medicine are made the means of contrast and illustration, and by these means Dr. Sunderland seeks to make more plain his system of Dynamic remedial processes, which may be indicated here, to some extent, by the statement that he is utterly opposed to drugging, endeavoring to point out a method by which special choice of food will produce the effect of any medicine which the system appears to require, without any of the collateral injury which, he affirms, is inseparable from the practice of swallowing drugs. How far he succeeds in this very important task, the reader of his pleasant book must determine by individual experiment. To judge from the care with which the statements are made and the strength of reasoning displayed it is to be inferred that *The Dynamic Cure* is a book which will go far to solve the deep vital questions raised in its pages.

PERSONAL.

—Secretary Rawlins is a good shot.
—The queen of Portugal is sick at Baden.
—Frederick Douglass, Jr., has been marrying.
—General Joseph E. Johnston is in Savannah.
—Gladsstone's friends are anxious about his health.

—Mrs. E. A. Pollard is very sick at Washington.

—Hildebrand, the Missouri outlaw, has gone to Texas.

—Horace Greeley has been "stumping it" in Virginia.

—John and Wesley Harper, are both said to be in very poor health.

—John Morrisey has made \$200,000 in New York Central stock.

—Gen. Rosecrans declines running for the Governorship of Ohio.

—Mr. Bridgeport, Conn.

—Mile. Schneider came very near burning to death on the stage, July 21.

—The Emperor of China contemplates matrimony. He is fourteen years old.

—Jefferson Davis' two nieces are at Paris, and are said to be modest and beautiful.

—The Siamese twins have arrived in New York. They have not been divorced.

—Admiral Dahlgren is going to be chief of the navy yard instead of the Ordnance Bureau.

—Powers the sculptor has been making insinuations against the courage of "Old Hickory."

—Gen. Forest is making rapid progress with the construction of the Memphis and Selma railroad.

—Anthony Trollope is still contending seriously, if not seriously, that "He Knew He Was Right."

—Isabella says she will abdicate theoretically, as well as practically, in favor of the Prince of Asturias.

—Henry Vincent, the great English orator, will devote next winter to lecturing in the United States.

—Gen. Butler and Brick Pomeroy are advertised to address the National Labor Union from the same platform.

—William H. Seward is going to have a thousand dollar cane presented to him when he gets back to San Francisco.

—Max Maretzek is a brick. He has retired from the management of theatrical companies, that of a brick-yard on Long Island.

—Isaac V. Fowler, who defaulted and ran away from the New York Postoffice a few years since, has arrived at San Francisco.

—The Princess of Wales helps beg for a charitable enterprise, at the Crystal Palace.

—Sing Man and Choy Chew, of mercantile houses in San Francisco, visited the Chicago Board of Trade one day last week. Choy made a short speech, and was greatly applauded.

—A correspondent of Zion's Herald, that Bishop Simpson, of the M. E. Church, wearing out by overwork. The last we heard of him he was working at a favorite water place.

—Mrs. Sarah Remond, a colored lady, of London, Mass., who has been studying medicine some time in Italy, has been admitted to practice of midwifery in Florence, where she resides. She has many friends in Italy, including that list Garibaldi and Mazzini.

—Susan B. Anthony has a short and method of dealing with objections. At the 8th Woman's Suffrage Convention, she was interrupted in her remarks by a man who said, "What is to be done with St. Paul's saying, 'women should be subject to their husbands'?" She replied, "The same as men do to their sayings—pass them by."

—A Washington correspondent says in cent letter: "Robert Douglas, son of the Senator, and private secretary of the President, is a short, round-shouldered, ungainly fellow, who wears a palm-leaf fan and can latter much too thick and long for such a body, reaching up to his second button shirt front. Robert's speeches cannot be a success as yet, but I am sure that he is a kind, amiable young gentleman, and real many traits to remind one of his father."

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AND

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AUGUST 14, 1869.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BY HATTIE E. HAYNER.

Beautiful birds, gentle warblers of Spring,
Making the woodland with melodious ring,
Taking joy, hope, and gladness, wherever you go,
From the high-poised hill, to the valley below!
Beautiful songsters, what learn we from you?
Be humble, be holy, be cheerful, be true.
Your mission allotted, perform well on earth
And accomplish, with happiness seasoned by mirth.

Beautiful trees, in majesty waving
Your proud noble branches, the tempests while
braving,
With gorgeous green foliage your brave arms be-
decked,
Teaching mortals that here is all happiness wrecked;
For the exquisite leaf is an emblem of life,
Saying you, too, must die in this sad world of strife,
With your high reaching boughs pointing up to the
sky.

Directing our thoughts to the Being most high,
Beautiful clouds, pure creamy and white
All enrobed in a mantle of light,
Sprinkled on ground-work of azure blue,
Behind the horizon receding from view;
What is your lesson to mortals below
As dancing before the light breeze you go?
You come to warn; naught else pretend,
Lest you the God of the sky offend.

— Western Rural.

Written for The Universe.

A VISIT TO THE SHAKERS.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

'Tis common in these latter days to jeer at ages
gone before;
And still, the further back he strays, the modern
scoffer finds the more

Of customs obsolete, of pride that primmed itself
in garments strange,
Of faith that monsters deified, of folly vainly
scouting change:

He struts before the mirror's face, to mark his own
fantastic trim,
And sighs to think what matchless grace the An-
cients missed in missing him.

A cold, drizzly May-day afternoon of the
present season, found us, chilled and weary,
on the southeastern border of the Empire
State, nearing Lebanon, famous for its springs

as Summer resorts and for its "Society of Be-
lievers" called "Shakers." Though having
read favorable reports of these people from the
gifted Owen, Dixon, Vincent, Miss Mar-
tineau, and others, eminent either as travelers
or authors, we had never, prior to this, met

a half-dozen of these mysterious worshippers,
in all our wanderings. Life is real—a some-
thing infinitely above a mere oyster-like ex-
istence. To live in this century, is to see, to

investigate, to comprehend, so far as possible,
all things, from sands to solar worlds. Truth
being the soul's highest conviction, to search
for its pearls and glittering gems, for the pur-
pose of enlightening the conscious world, is

the aim of the truly good and great. "Ye
shall know the truth," said the gentle Nazare-
ne, "and the truth shall make you free." God
truly "made the country." Nature is

his garment. It is beautiful to bathe in Sum-
mer fragrance, and feast upon the first fruit-
age of Autumn. The ever-changing beauty
connected with the hills and valleys of these
Mt. Lebanon regions must necessarily charm

all who admire the works of the Infinite
Creator. Ascending the eminence through
well-cultivated farms, leading to the garden-
house of this community who follow Jesus
by ignoring the marriage of the Adamic cov-
enant, and seek to live out the pentecostal

inspiration of apostolic times, by "holding all
things in common," we resolved to divest
ourselves of all prejudice, and, seeing—de-
scribe men, women, surroundings—every-
thing, precisely as we saw them.

Reaching the North Family about five
o'clock, we were soon privileged to grasp the
warm hand of Elder Frederic Evans, whom
we had previously met only for a few hours in
New York. Seated by a comfortable fire, our
impressions ran thus:—How neat and clean
the apartment; how sweet the atmos-
phere; how pure and genial the magnetism;

how well-selected the books and pamphlets
lying upon the table; how cozy and elegant
everything looks;—and then, how welcome
our greeting by a matronly-appearing and
elderly sister, the very picture of health and
good-nature; and how cordially, too, the
brothers—some venerable with age—pressed
our hand, breathing words of welcome. Sure-
ly this is home, we silently exclaimed, though
we are a pilgrim and a stranger, gazing upon
strange faces.

Elder Evans, a Roman in dignity and state-
liness of carriage, seemed the inspiring genius
of the evening. He is tall, straight, and
rather spare in figure. The frontal brain
well-developed, the head is high, and fully
rounded up in the coronal region, showing
great spirituality, veneration, conscientious-
ness and firmness. The face, when in repose,
is grave in expression, telling its own story
of sincerity, kindness, vigor of mind and de-
cision of character. His appearance, exceed-
ingly unassuming, is nevertheless command-
ing, and Time, while relentlessly stamping
curves and marks along the outer angles of
the eyes, has left them still lustrous and bril-
liant. When cornering a church-opponent, in
a scriptural or metaphysical argument, they
twinkle with a certain roguish overflow of
soul that makes even the vanquished feel
comfortable in the presence of the victor.

Resting and chatting awhile, a brother
quietly announced—"tea is ready." Accom-
panied by an English Navy Captain, visiting
at Mt. Lebanon, we repaired as directed to a
room, small but perfectly neat and pleasant.
It is the custom for guests to have a table by
themselves. The meal was a genuine feast.
There were no highly-seasoned hodge-podge
dishes, nor swimming swine gravies thrust in
our faces. Alcoholic liquors are not found;
neither do dogs and swine thrive well on
Shaker lands. The bread—brown and white
—was excellent, retaining much of the mag-
netic infusion of the makers. The butter,
cream, milk, vegetables, fruits—served by a
sister of neat attire and quiet manners—
were so fresh and delicious, that meditating
a moment, we heartily pitied the dwellers in
great cities.

The members, before eating, all kneel, offer-
ing their thanksgiving in silence. Each has
his and her appropriate place. Order reigns
supreme. Certainly healthy, they seemed ex-
ceedingly happy. It is alleged that the gen-
eral health and longevity of the Shakers ex-

ceed that of any other body of people in exis-
tence.

"Would you not like to have us call a little
meeting?" said Elder Evans, after tea.
"Certainly," was the reply, "providing such
is your pleasure."

At eight o'clock a brother invited us to ac-
company him to their Hall, for a sort of so-
cial conference. Approaching the foot of the
stairs, the brothers and sisters commenced
singing. It was unique, and yet touchingly
thrilling. Every nerve-center of our being
was electrified by the inspiring melody.

Entering the well-lighted room, the scene and
surroundings, though unpretending, were in
spirit absolute magnificent. The sisters on
one side, tidy, sweet-faced and devoted, the
brothers on the other, neatly dressed, with
white kerchiefs lying across their laps, and
all sitting in the form of half-moons, the El-
der and Eldress at the head, constituting the
curial points. Our seat was directly oppo-
site, positioned to feel the full current. The
batteries were powerful. Every nerve and mus-
cle in our organism trembled. The sensation
was uplifting. The music, so spontaneous
and gushing, kindled new fires of devotion
upon our soul's altar. The gates ajar, it
seemed we had found entrance into the
first Heaven—the Millennium of poets' dreams.

The spiritual song ended—the El-
der said:

This is a free meeting. Let there be no res-
triction. Our brother has come among us to re-
st a day or more, hoping to learn something of our
customs and doctrines with the reasons for the
same. As former, a Spiritualist and a radical he
is doubtless like ourselves very much of a heretic
in the eyes of evangelical churchmen. But we
should like to hear him. We are Spiritualists
in the sense of believing in a present conscious
union with spirits, and are striving to live pure
and spiritually-minded that our order on earth
may in some degree at least correspond to holier
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